

Good Morning

459

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

WAR IS A DOG'S LIFE

(Reports Martin Thornhill)

BRITAIN'S dog population is approaching 5,000,000. That's nearly one to every eight people. It may soon rival that of the U.S., where dog maintenance for one year costs well over £100,000,000, or about eight times the expenditure on civil aviation.

"A mean, worthless fellow!" That is how the dictionaries describe him. No matter that they mean the human dog; the implication is the same.

Yet the truth is that centuries of selection and cross-selection have bred such a variability into the dog that he now serves man as hunter, retriever, guard, companion, herder, police aid, guide, beast of burden, lifesaver, entertainer, scavenger, and even as food. To this multiplication of services, war has added another.

On most of the fronts, dog volunteers from all sorts of homes are maintaining communications, tracking down enemy parachutists and escaped prisoners of war, going out on patrol, acting as guards, stringing phone wires, totting urgent first-aid kit and ammunition.

Several ships use their dogs for ear-spotting aircraft. Nosing the air, quivering with excitement, they sense the approach of a plane long before the hum of its engines can be heard by the crews.

Sixteen breeds now fill the roles of war, among them Alsations, Airedales, Labradors, Greyhounds, Dalmatians. They're alert, fast, and small enough to make difficult targets.

There is even a job for Scotties; the American Navy asked for them to stand guard when their ships are in dock. One sentry with a dog, it is generally conceded, is worth six without, for whatever a man may do, a dog never sleeps at his post.

Thousands of animals have passed, are still passing, through the War Dog's Training School, formerly a home for greyhounds.

Dominion Forces rely equally on canine auxiliaries, and the standard of training is high, but for combined services few animals have measured up to Rex, a fine tough Australian Alsatian.

Rex can face up to almost any job you like to name—carry two rifles and 50 rounds of ammunition, a pick, shovel, 30 lb. of rations and 40 lb. of first-aid kit. He has retrieved hidden objects over two miles, found buried items and carried them home by a given two-mile trail through traffic, round corners, over wire defences, through inhabited houses.

And that's not all. Throw anything you like into a river, and Rex will retrieve it, up to 50lb. in weight. When required he'll perform each and every duty in a gas mask specially made—no simple feat for a dog. Laying 100 yards of telephone wire from a spindle harnessed to his back is child's play—all in the day's work, in fact.

What he enjoys much more is to hear the crisp command: "Hold that man!" Which he does with much more than doggie enthusiasm, and always by the right wrist—the shooting hand.

The Germans are equally alive to canine usefulness in war. In ten years they have trained 200,000 for army and police work. Perhaps under the Nazi regime, Hun hounds have added the goosestep to their new duties, and even formed their own little Gestapo.

Scarcely less important than war harness are dog's many urgent civilian duties.



Waiting to Jump

Is a dog ever truly happy except when there is a job of real work to be done, be it herding sheep, guarding the house, freeing the barn of rats or bringing home the morning paper? He is man's closest friend, and the reason is simple. He has so much of the character of man.

He can be nervous, frightened, surprised, hopeful, ashamed, affectionate, interested, jealous and sad. But few people credit him with a sense of humour. Well, there was a terrier who actually grinned. People thought it was a snarl, but his master knew better.

Circumstances made it necessary to tie him up in a yard where poultry often stole his food. One day their feeding times coincided, so the terrier made sure that he emptied his pot before the fowls arrived. Then, stretching himself in the sun with one eye open, he watched the advance guard approach.

With a rush, the leading cock dove his head into the pot. The terrier remained motionless, tapped the ground happily with his tail, bared his teeth in a broad grin, then closed his eye in sleep.

Strange to say, nobody knows the exact origin of dogs. But we do know they were domesticated before any other beast, even the ox.

Probably their earliest use was as scavengers, a purpose for which they are still employed in certain Asiatic countries. Later, the Romans trained and classified them as shepherds, working dogs, war dogs, dogs that hunted by scent, and those that ran by

sight. The house dog they classed as "toys."

Breeding through the ensuing centuries produced scores of new and strange forms of appearances. But sustained and studied effort has sometimes failed to alter a type one whit.

The dark shaggy Newfoundland hailed from the Basque Mountain, in the Pyrenees. He was cream-coloured then; but the queer, tufted Afghan hound hasn't changed within the memory of man. Believe it or not, natives say Noah took two of him into the Ark.

From the Congo comes a strange breed that doesn't even bark. Nothing will induce him to. When excited he just wrinkles his forehead.

One of the most cheerful aspects of the almost universal use of dogs is that nearly everywhere you find him, there exists also an organisation for his protection. In Sumatra, dogs, far from being protected, are eaten, the Batak considering them a table delicacy impossible to beat. A horrible thought when you remember the profound unchanging love of a dog for his master.

At the Battle of Beresina River during Napoleon's Russian campaign in 1812, one of the Emperor's generals, Duke Eugene de Beauharnais, lost his greyhound. After the campaign the general went to live at Milan, Italy.

Six months later the devoted animal rejoined him there—an incredible journey of 1500 miles across endless forest and frozen lake and plain.



Lieut. Launders shares a toast with his Wren bride.

Ron Richards' Shop Talk

SURE, I remember you, Leading Sig. Ivanhoe W. Herbert. You are the guy who writes the chatty letters. Glad to hear from you.

You have set us quite a problem with these pictures. You see, there are hundreds of picture agencies in the country, and unless you can tell me which it was, or at least when and where the pictures were taken, it's going to take quite a time. However, we will get them eventually.

You mentioned costs—that's our worry.

Incidentally, I don't know why you should be so humble about asking a favour of us. We invite you to do that every day, don't we? Keep the problems coming—we will cope with them.

I don't think we will be using any Second Front pictures, because, as you no doubt appreciate, our aim is to keep your minds off war. We don't talk about war for that reason. But still, thanks for your suggestion. If the demand for such a feature grows, I'm sure the Editors will do something about it.

There's nothing startling about your request to visit the office. We are glad at any time to have any submariner look us up. Can't we ever get it over to you that this is your paper and that the office is as much yours as ours? Look in any day and see how Fleet Street will welcome you. Here's to seeing you soon.

FOR outstanding courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in H.M. Submarines—

The D.S.C.,
Lieut. Tobin Subremont West.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

ton, R.N.; Temporary Lieut. John Frederick Gibson, R.N.V.R.; Lieut. (E) Montague Edward Lee, R.N.; and Mr. Leonard Bertram Taylor, Temporary Warrant Engineer, R.N.

The D.S.M.

Acting Chief Petty Officer Philip Suter; Engine Room Artificer Second Class Thomas Ronald Fee; Chief Stoker Richard John Pheby; Temporary Petty Officer Telegraphist Duncan William McKay McBeath; and Acting Temporary Leading Stoker John Crichton.

Mention in Despatches.

Lieut. - Commander Mervyn Robert George Wingfield, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.; Lieut. Kenneth James Clark, R.N.; Acting Petty Officer James Banks; Petty Officer Cook (S) Ernest Owen Crimp; Acting Leading Seaman Donald Francis Clide Jones; Able Seaman John Leslie Furness; Able Seaman Joseph Robertson; Able Seaman Robert Thexton; Telegraphist Alexander Trotter; Stoker First Class George Bell; and Stoker First Class Frederick George Stenning.

FOR outstanding courage, resolution and skill in successful patrols in one of H.M. Submarines—

Bar to the D.S.C.

Lieut. James Stuart Launders, D.S.C., R.N.

The D.S.M.

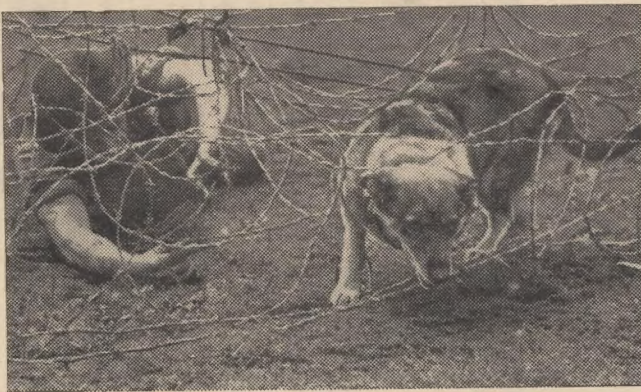
Acting Chief Petty Officer Alfred Stephen Hollis; Chief Engine Room Artificer Charles Beresford Britton; and Temporary Acting Leading Seaman Royston Ernest Hemmings.

Mention in Despatches.

Lieut. Anthony Reginald Marshall, R.N.; Lieut. Andrew Thomas Chalmers, R.N.; Petty Officer George David Rutherford; and Leading Stoker Albert Hamilton.

FOR great daring and enterprise in the attack on the German Battleship "Tirpitz" carried out by Midget Submarines in September, 1943.

Mention in Despatches (Posthumous).



Lieut. Lionel Barnett Whitlam, R.N.V.R.; Temporary Lieut. Henry Henty-Creer, R.N.V.R.; Temporary Sub-Lieut. Tom John Nelson, R.N.V.R.; Temporary Acting Sub-Lieutenant Alastair David Malcolm, R.N.V.R.; Engine Room Artificer Fourth Class Ralph James Mortiboys; and Engine Room Artificer Fourth Class William Marriner Whitley.

THE prints of the photograph of your wife and kiddy are on the way to Liverpool, P.O. Reginald Chapman.

Mrs. Chapman wrote asking for some copies so that she could send you one for your pin-up gallery, but as I don't have your address I am sending them home for you, so no doubt you will get them at the earliest possible date.

Gather from the letter that all is well at home, except, of course, your absence, and that's something they are hoping to overcome soon. (By that, I mean leave for you, so don't let them down, your daughter gets impatient.)

Ron Richards

Here's Home Town News

NELSON FAMILY.

EIGHTY-FOUR YEAR OLD Horatio Nelson, who lives at 20 Tower Road, Newquay, is a great-grandnephew of the famous Admiral who fell at Trafalgar.

Of his eight children and four grandchildren, seven are serving in the Forces.

Mr. Nelson took part in the Nile Expedition in 1884-5, under the command of Lord Wolseley, and holds the Expedition Medal and the Khedive Star.

'RITHMETIC.

WHEN a leading Plymouth drapery firm takes on girls coming straight from school, the managing director sets them a test of six sums, such as: "How much is 5½ yards at 5s. 11d. a yard?"—the sort of thing they are likely to come up against in making up a bill for a customer.

During the past three years not one girl has got all the sums right!

Other business men, with similar experiences, are urging that more time should be given in schools to the third "R"—Rithmetic.

WANNA PUB?

YOUNGSTERS have discovered a new money-making device in Union Street, Plymouth, where most evenings you will see three or four standing on the corner outside the Palace Theatre.

When Americans come along, the kids stop them with, "Show you where there's a pub open, mister?" Meanwhile, "scouts" attached to the organisation have discovered the "goods," and customers are led up back streets to tucked-away hosteleries where the beer is flowing.

The guides return later to their pitch and look out for fresh clients.

One youngster was heard bragging that he made ten shillings in one day out of this brain-wave.

THE FLOOD.

WHILE the Sunday School anniversary services were being held at Colebrook Methodist Church, Plympton, a nearby brook overflowed its banks, flooded the vestry, and surged into the church.

With the aisles under several inches of water, the minister, the Rev. E. D. Bon-

nar, decided to abandon the service—but not before the collection had been taken.

"We must have the collection, even if we are up to our necks in water," he remarked amid laughter.

And it proved a bumper one!

USELESS EUSTACE



"Turn my money over? Gor-blimey, chum, you a rookie?"

She was an eyeful— He lost an Optic

WE may easily conceive what a fright the caliph was in: he then repented, but too late, that he had not taken his vizier's advice. In the mean time this unhappy prince, Giafar, Mesrour, the porter, and the calenders, were upon the point of losing their lives by their indiscreet curiosity: but before they would strike the fatal blow, one of the slaves says to Zobeide and her sisters, High, mighty, and adorable mistresses, do you command us to cut their throats? Stay, says Zobeide, I must examine them first.

The frightened porter interrupted her thus: In the name of heaven, do not make me die for another man's crime. I am innocent; they are to blame.

Zobeide, notwithstanding her anger, could not but laugh within herself at the porter's lamentation; but, without answering him, she spoke a second time to the rest:

Answer me, says she, and tell me who you are, otherwise you shall not live one moment longer. I cannot believe you to be honest men, nor persons of authority or distinction in your own countries; for if you were, you would have been more modest and more respectful to us.

Then, turning to the calenders, and seeing them all three blind of one eye, she asked if they were brothers. One of them answered: No, madam, no otherwise than as we are calenders; that is to say, as we observe the same rules.

WANGLING WORDS—398

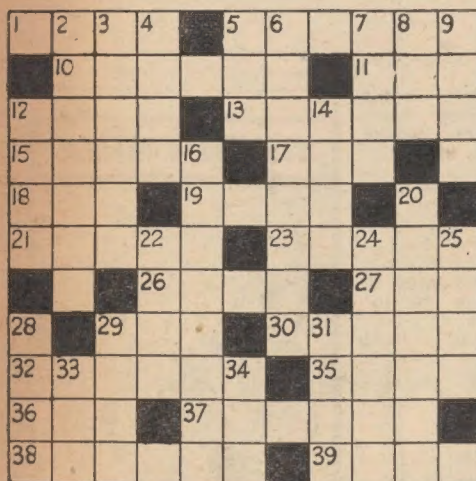
1. Put consume in SWER and get an article of clothing.
2. Rearrange the following letters and get four sweet things: CRATEEL, RUGAS, RHANACEIS, PURSY.
3. In the following four vegetables the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? K245, 326607, 32882G5, 4577U35.
4. Find the two hidden fruits in: The sun-god, Ra, is inscribed on the stones of the great dams on the Nile.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 397

1. ResourceS.
2. BUTTERCUP, VIOLET, PRIMROSE, ROSE.
3. Sword, Sabre, Rifle, Foil.
4. Gor-se, Y-ew.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



- 2 Rich. 3 Pointed missiles. 4 Willingly. 5 Through. 6 Domestic vessels. 7 Whack. 8 Large number. 9 Pitcher. 12 Headland. 14 Verse. 16 Valued thing. 20 Rebuff. 22 Single group. 24 Roof of mouth. 25 For fear that. 28 Stop. 29 Solid. 31 Leave out. 33 Boy's name. 34 Do needlework.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Objective.
- 5 Pool.
- 10 Evergreen.
- 11 Rank.
- 12 Heal.
- 13 Fame.
- 15 Up.
- 17 Cribbage knave.
- 18 Bench.
- 19 Flower.
- 21 Result.
- 23 Drive.
- 26 Brad.
- 27 Mimic.
- 29 Pronoun.
- 30 Alone.
- 32 Gap.
- 35 Barley product.
- 36 Rower.
- 37 Repairs.
- 38 Boy's name.
- 39 Swarm.

JUICES TAMP
UNDO HEADER
SLEDGE BONE
TEA RAP RUT
S FORAGE T
ASPIC RUSTY
B AGENCY R
AWL ROE BIB
SIAM SLEEVE
ENCORE REED
SKEP DRAFTS

Were you born blind of the right eye? asked she. No, madam, answered he; I lost my eye in such a surprising adventure, that it would be instructive to every body, were it in writing. After this misfortune, I shaved my beard and eyebrows, and took the habit of a calender, which I now wear.

Zobeide asked the other two calenders the same question, and had the same answer; but he who spoke last, added, Madam, to show you that we are no common fellows, and that you may have some consideration for us, be pleased to know, that we are all three the sons of kings, and though we never met together till this evening, yet we have had time enough to make that known to one another; and I assure you, that the kings, from whom we derive our being, made some noise in the world.

At this discourse, Zobeide assuaged her anger, and said to the slaves, Give them their liberty awhile, but stay here. Those who tell us their history, and the occasion of their coming, do them no hurt; let them go where they please; but do not spare those who refuse to give us that satisfaction.

The porter, understanding that he might rid himself of his danger by telling his history, spoke first, and said, Madam, you know my history already, and the occasion of my coming hither; so that what I have to say will be very short. My lady, your sister there, called me this morning, at the place where I plied as porter to see if any body would employ me, that I might get my bread: I followed her to a vintner's, then to a herb-woman's, then to one that sold oranges, lemons, and citrons, then to a grocer's, next to a confectioner's, and a druggist's, with my basket upon my head as full as I was able to carry it; then I came hither, where you had the goodness to let me continue till now; a favour that I shall never forget. This, madam, is my history.

After him, one of the three calenders, directing his speech to Zobeide, as the principal of the three ladies, and the person that commanded him to speak, began THE STORY OF THE FIRST CALENDER.

Madam, in order to inform you how I lost my right eye, and why I was obliged to put myself into a

calender's habit, I must tell you, that I am a king's son born; my father had a brother that reigned as he did, over a neighbouring kingdom; and the prince his son, and I, were almost of an age.

After I had learned my exercises, and the king my father granted me such liberty as suited my dignity, I went usually every year to see my uncle, at whose court I diverted myself during a month or two, and then returned again to my father. These several journeys gave occasion of contracting a very firm and particular friendship between the prince my cousin and myself.

The last time I saw him, he received me with greater demonstrations of tenderness than he had done at any time before; and resolving one day to give me a treat, he made great preparations for that purpose.

We continued a long time at table; and after we had both supped very well, Cousin, says he, you will hardly be able to guess how I have been employed since

you; but, first, you are to promise me, upon oath, that you will keep my secret, according to the confidence I repose in you.

I very readily took the oath required of me: upon which he says to me, Stay here till I return; I will be with you in a moment: and accordingly he came with a lady in his hand, of singular beauty, and magnificently appareled: he did not discover who she was, neither did I think it was manners in me to make inquiry.

We sat down again with this lady at table, where we continued some time; at last, the prince said, Cousin, we must lose no time; therefore pray oblige me by taking this lady along with you, and conduct her to such a place, where you will see a tomb newly built in form of a dome: you will easily know it; the gate is open; go in there together, and tarry till I come, which will be very speedily.

Being true to my oath, I made no further inquiry, but took the lady

"Oh well, if you feel like that, madam, why not take a spring cruise?"



your last departure from hence, now about a year past. I have had a great many men at work to perfect a design I have in my mind: I have caused an edifice to be built, which is now finished, so as one may dwell in it: you will not be displeased if I show it

by the hand; and, by the directions which the prince my cousin had given me, I brought her to the place, by the light of the moon, without missing one step of the way.

We were scarcely got thither, when we saw the prince following after, carrying a little pitcher with water, a hatchet, and a little bag with plaster.

JANE



The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



The hatchet served him to break down the empty sepulchre in the middle of the tomb: he took away the stones one after another, and laid them in a corner. When all this was taken away, he dug up the ground, where I saw a trap-door under the sepulchre, which he lifted up, and underneath perceived the head of a staircase leading into a vault.

Then my cousin, speaking to the lady, said, Madam, it is by this way that we go to the place I told you of. Upon which the lady drew nigh, and went down, and the prince began to follow after; but turning first to me, said, My dear cousin, I am infinitely obliged to you for the trouble you have been at: I thank you; adieu.

I cried, Dear cousin, what is the meaning of this?—Be content, replied he: you may return back the same way you came.

Madam (says the calender to Zobeide) I could get nothing farther from him, but was obliged to take leave of him. Next morning when I awaked, I began to reflect upon what befell me the night before; and, after recollecting all the circumstances of such a singular adventure, I fancied it was nothing but a dream. Being full of these thoughts, I sent to see if the prince, my cousin, was ready to receive a visit from me; but when they brought me back word that he did not lie in his own lodgings that night, they knew not what was become of him, and were in much trouble about it, I conceived that the strange event of the tomb was but too true.

You must know that all this while the king, my uncle, was absent, and had been a-hunting for several days: I grew weary of staying for him; and left his palace, and set out towards my father's court, from which I had never been so long absent before. I left the ministers of the king, my uncle, in great trouble to think what was become of the prince, my cousin; but, because of the oath I had made to keep his secret, I durst not tell any one of what I had seen or knew.

I arrived at my father's capital, the usual place of his residence, where, contrary to custom, I found a great guard at the gate

of the place, who surrounded me as I entered. I asked the reason; and the commanding officer replied, Prince, the army has proclaimed the grand vizier king instead of your father, who is dead; and I take you prisoner in the name of the new king. At these words the guards laid hold of me, and carried me before the tyrant.

The rebel vizier had entertained a mortal hatred against me for a long time, upon this account: When I was a stripling, I loved to shoot with a cross-bow; and being one day upon the terrace of the palace with my bow, a bird happened to come by, I shot, but missed him; and the ball, by misfortune, hit the vizier, who was taking air upon the terrace of his own house, and put out one of his eyes.

As soon as I understood it, I not only sent to make my excuse to him, but did it in person; yet he always resented it.

(To be continued)

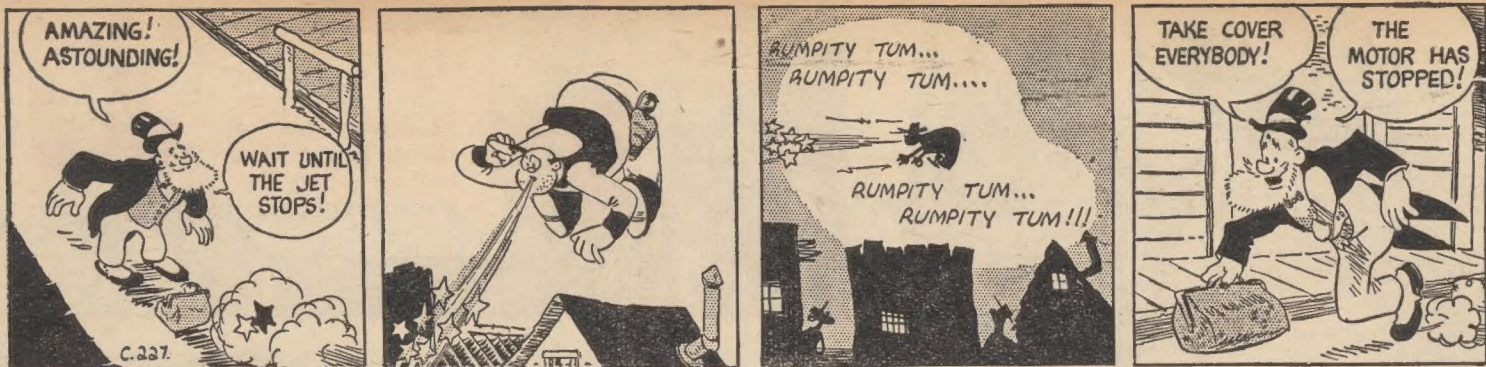
QUIZ for today

1. A scudo is a roller skate, Indian dish, Italian coin, Spanish dance, counter used in card games?
2. What fish is variously known as a sea-ape or sea-fox?
3. What is the difference between a shallop and a shallot?
4. What part of your body would an anatomist call your tibia?
5. What strait separates Malaya from Sumatra?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Scissel, Scissile, Scissant, Scissure, Scission

Answers to Quiz in No. 458

1. Small tusk.
2. Yak.
3. The grubs of flies.
4. Secretary is one employed to write for another; secretary is making a secretion.
5. Torres Strait.
6. Sexile.

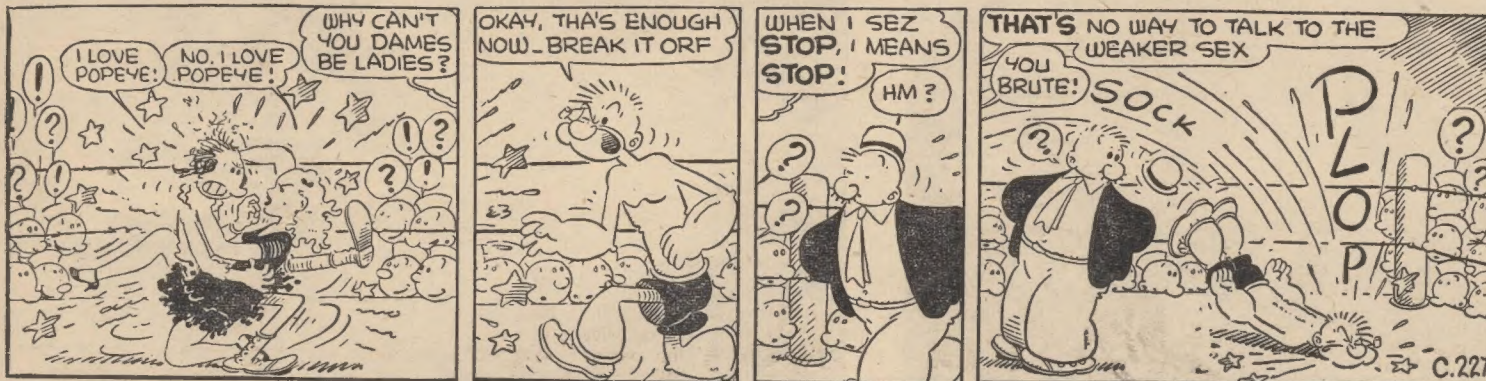
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



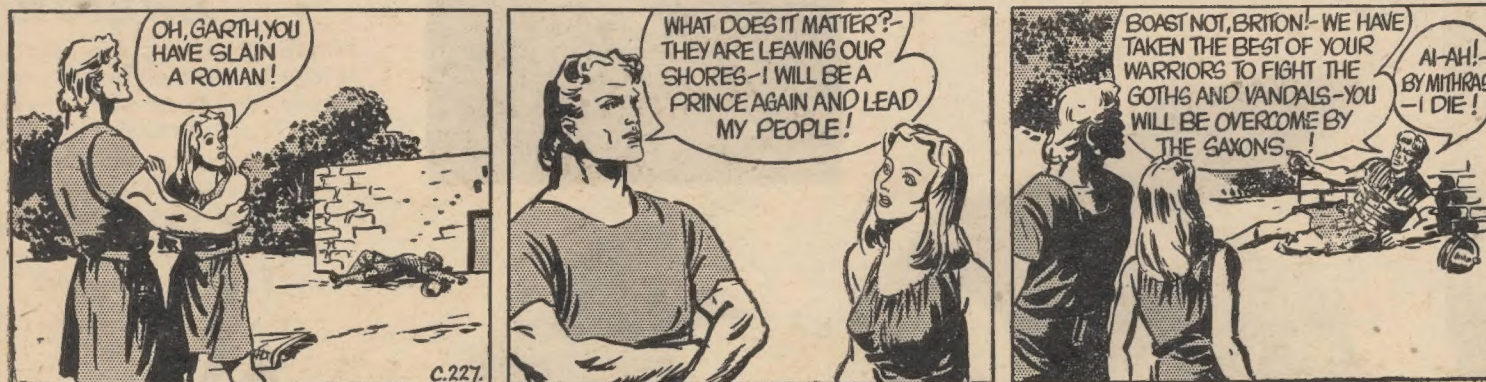
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

IMPROVEMENT?

UNLESS civilisation is engulfed by its own machines, so that a human being means little more than being a robot bomb, the future may look back on the present painful era as a time when men began to realise that the improvement of human inventions is not the same as the improvement of humanity.

Stephen Spender.

WAR, A MUDDLE.

WAR is a muddle; it is bound to be. There are so many incalculable accidents in the uncertain business—a turn of the weather that could not be foreseen, a message gone astray, a leader struck down at the critical moment—that it is very rarely that even the best-laid plans go smoothly. The lesson is to realise and provide as far as possible against the uncertainties of war, but not to be discouraged if they happen; it is extraordinary how, if you carry on steadily with your job and use common sense, the worst-looking muddles will straighten themselves out.

Field Marshal Viscount Wavell.

THE M.P.

HOW is the young, active and sufficiently experienced person, man and woman of a good type, earning their own living, to give up the time from the development of their trade, craft or profession, to sit in Parliament, on municipal councils, on governing bodies, and on committees? . . . Government at all levels tends to be carried out by persons of independent means, retired persons, trades union officials, and, in some countries, by adventurers and corrupt professional politicians.

E. M. M. Hume.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

THE educational values of the public schools are complex; they derive partly from their spaciousness in time and place, partly from the intensity and many-sidedness of their community life; partly from the freedom from the distractions of home, partly from the quality and proportions of the staff they can command, partly from the latitude of the equipment and amenities which they afford, partly from indefinable traditions. These are the elements which go to make the public schools too good an educational instrument to remain the preserve of the wealthier classes and to make desirable the wider extension of their facilities.

R. W. Moore (Headmaster of Harrow).

HABIT.

PERHAPS the basic trouble with our social life before the war was precisely its aimlessness, a surrender to the line of least resistance. The individual in every class withered too often under the unconsciously debilitating influence of the spectacle of stereotyped habit. . . . Men to-day are too ready to accept their occupations, not as a mode of life, but as an escape from life; too often, in fact, like the vagrant in the anecdote, they "don't want work, they want employment." . . . Those who on the battle-fronts are bearing now responsibilities so heavy and strains so grave, may go far to save the country to which they will return, merely by resolving to be treated in peace as in war, not as employees, but first, last, and all the time, as men.

Maurice B. Reckitt.



"ABSENTMINDED? GOSH! I'LL SAY THE PRODUCERS ABSENTMINDED—GOT MARRIED AND SENT OUT TICKETS FOR THE FIRST NIGHT!"

Good Morning

20th Century star Mary Beth Hughes is here to smile away your troubles this morning. Rumour is, she's schoolgirl complexioned all over. It's true, so far as we can see.



"All right, my dears, it's only another one of those drips who call themselves photographers."



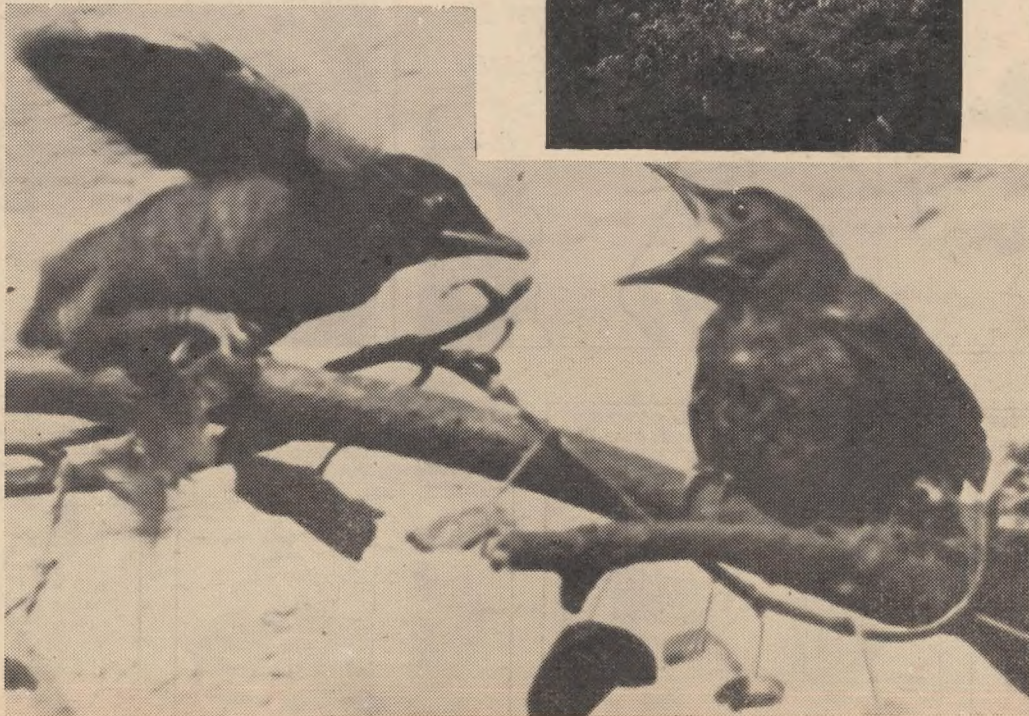
This England

Nestling among the larches is the hamlet of Broadmoor, Surrey; taken on a spring morning.



He'd sing "All Through the Night" if only his Mamma would let him.

"So you met someone, did you! And how do you expect to stand up straight after the six hundred and fortieth sippers!"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Nothing's so enjoyable as bird-song!"